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EERIE


ONLY the DEAD
LIVE HERE!
CASTLE of TERROR!
PHANTOM of the
WAXWORKS!



EERIE




THEY WERE
MAROONED ON A
GLOOMY,
STORM-SWEPT
LITTLE
ISLAND!
ALICE AND TOM
WENTWORTH
KNEW
THE ICY
CLUTCH OF
TERROR
AS THEY
SEARCHED
FOR SOME
SIGN OF
ANOTHER
HUMAN BEING--
AND WEIRD,
HUMAN
VOICES
SCREAMED...
"ONLY THE
DEAD
LIVE HERE!"



BLOOD WAS
SPILLED IN THE
DEAD OF NIGHT!

AND ONLY THE
STATUES IN THE
MUSEUM OF HORRORS
KNEW THAT THE
MURDERER WAS THE...
"PHANTOM OF THE
WAXWORKS!"



HE WAS CAUGHT FAST BENEATH A
LAYER OF GRASSY EARTH! IT HELD HIM
DOWN, TIGHTENING AROUND HIS ARMS,
PINNING HIS LEGS TO THE GROUND! AND
AS HE LAY THERE HE STARED INTO THE
GLEAMING EYES OF DEATH!

"GREEN GROWS THE GRASS!"

CAN THE DEAD RETURN TO COMPLETE THE THINGS THEY FAILED TO DO IN LIFE? FATE MAROONED ALICE AND TOM WENTWORTH ON THIS STORM-SWEPT LITTLE ISLAND, AND THEY FOUND THEMSELVES INTRUDERS IN THE UNFINISHED BUSINESS OF THE DEAD. IT WAS A NIGHT OF TERROR WHEN THEY REALIZED THAT...

ONLY THE DEAD LIVE HERE!





WOW! SURE
WAS A
NARROW
SQUEEZE!

WHERE DO YOU
SUPPOSE THIS
LITTLE ROAD
LEADS TO?

ON
FOOT
THEY
FOLLOWED
THE
ROAD,
AND IN
A
MINUTE
OR TWO...



WE'RE ON A LITTLE ISLAND
IN THE RIVER! WITH THAT
BRIDGE GONE, THERE'S NO
WAY OF GETTING OFF!
WE'RE STRANDED
HERE!

SEEMS TO BE
A HOUSE, THERE
UNDER THE
TREES! LET'S
GO SEE!



THERE'S A
LIGHT IN THE
HOUSE! SEE
IT?

GOOD! I'M GLAD
SOMEBODY LIVES
HERE! COME
ON!

IT WAS
TOM
WENTWORTH'S
VACATION,
WITH HIS
YOUNG
WIFE, ALICE,
HE
WAS
ON A
SUMMER
AUTO
TRIP.
TO THEM,
NOW,
THIS
WAS
NOTHING
MORE
THAN AN
INTERESTING
ADVENTURE,
BUT...



LOOKS LIKE
A YOUNG
COUPLE!

THEY
SEEM TO
BE AR-
GUING!

SUDDENLY THE SILHOUETTED FIGURES VANISHED AS THE COUPLE MOVED BACK INTO THE ROOM! AND...



COME ON, WE'LL
INTRODUCE
OURSELVES!

HOPE THEY WON'T
MIND! ANYWAY, WE
CERTAINLY CAN'T HELP
BEING MAROONED
HERE!



STRANGE SILENCE!

THAT'S QUEER--
THEY DON'T
ANSWER!

THIS STORM--
MAYBE THEY DON'T
HEAR US! THE DOOR'S
UNLOCKED--LET'S CALL
FROM INSIDE!



SOMEONE -- SOMETHING PROWLING HERE!-- AND NOW, SUDDENLY THERE WERE FAINT MURMURING VOICES! CHILLED WITH HORROR, ALICE AND TOM STOOD FROZEN!



THE WENTWORTHS FOLLOWED THE VOICES TOWARD THE ENTRANCE TO THE CELLAR...





HE WAS A POWERFUL OLD FELLOW! SUDDENLY TOM WAS STRUGGLING WITH HIM, AND...

HEY, TAKE IT EASY! I DON'T WANT TO HURT YOU!

I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE AFTER! YOU WANT THE GOLD! BUT YOU CAN'T HAVE IT! IT'S FOR ME!



THEN...

SURE, I'LL LET YOU UP! --IF YOU STOP FIGHTING ME AND TELL ME WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!

LEMME UP! LEMME UP!



COME UPSTAIRS! IT'S NO GOOD DOWN HERE! I THOUGHT I COULD FIND THE GOLD DOWN HERE! BUT I GUESS I'M WRONG! I--I CAN'T SEEM TO REMEMBER!

HE'S OFF HIS HEAD! C'MON, ALICE, WE'LL TAKE HIM UPSTAIRS!



AND IN THE SITTING ROOM...

WE SAW A YOUNG MAN AND GIRL IN HERE! WHERE ARE THEY? AND WHO ARE YOU?

THEY'VE COME BACK! THEY'RE AFTER IT, TOO! BUT THEY CAN'T HAVE IT!

WE--WE HEARD THEM TALKING! THERE WAS SOMEONE ELSE! THEY CALLED HIM UNCLE EZRA!



UNCLE EZRA? HE'S HERE? I--I KNOW ALL ABOUT HIM! BUT I DON'T LIVE HERE! I'M PETER GUINNESS--JUST A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY! I CAME HERE ONLY TONIGHT! STRANGE THINGS ARE GOING ON HERE!

IT WAS A WEIRD, GRUESOME STORY! EZRA CARTER HAD BEEN A HERMIT, LIVING HERE ALONE WITH HIS HIDDEN GOLD! THEN HIS NIECE, ELLEN, AND HER YOUNG HUSBAND, BOB, HAD COME TO VISIT HIM, AND...

THEY SAID UNCLE EZRA WAS INSANE! THEY WOULD HAVE LOCKED HIM UP--PUT HIM AWAY--BUT HE KNEW THEY WERE REALLY AFTER HIS GOLD! SO ONE NIGHT, HE KILLED THEM!

AN INSANE KILLER? AND HE'S LURKING IN HERE NOW?

K-KILLED THEM?





UNFINISHED BUSINESS OF THE DEAD!



AND NOW, AS TOM WENT-WORTH TURNED TO GAZE AT THE LITTLE HEAD-STONES...



IT'S MY GOLD!
YOU CAN'T HAVE
IT! NOBODY CAN
HAVE IT BUT
ME!

WHA--?



EVERYBODY WANTS MY TREASURE!
BUT IT'S MINE--ALL MINE! I'LL
NEVER REST TILL I GET IT! HA,
HA, HA! IT WILL LIE IN THE
GRAVE WITH ME! THAT'S
WHERE IT BELONGS! HA,
HA, HA, HA, HA!



DES-
PERATE-
LY
TOM
WENT-
WORTH
FOUGHT!
BUT
THIS
SHASTLY
ADVER-
SARY
HAD
SUPER-
HUMAN
STRENGTH!

I KILLED ELLEN AND
BOB BECAUSE THEY WANT-
ED MY GOLD!--AND I'LL
KILL YOU, TOO!

OHH!

ULP!



THEN, SUDDENLY, THE MURDEROUS
THING FROM THE GRAVE SAW THE
TWO OTHER WATCHING SHAPES!

OH, BOB, LOOK!
UNCLE EZRA'S
KILLING
HIM!



TOM
FELT
THE
HORRIBLE,
CLAMMY
GRIP
ON
HIS
THROAT
DROP
AWAY! AND
AS
HE
SCRAM-
BLED
TO
HIS
FEET...

WE'LL FIND
IT, ELLEN!
WE'LL FIND
IT!

YOU KEEP
AWAY FROM
HERE! IT'S
MINE!
MINE!



THROUGHOUT THE LONG, STORM-
FILLED NIGHT TOM AND ALICE
WENTWORTH HUDDLED IN THEIR
CAR, LISTENING TO THE GIBBER-
ING VOICES OF THE DEAD!

WE MUST FIND IT,
ELLEN! WE MUST!



NEVER!
NEVER!

WA HA

WITH THE DAWN THE BRISLY FACES HAD FADED INTO SILENCE! THE LITTLE ISLAND, WITH ITS SINGLE DESERTED HOUSE, STOOD REVEALED IN THE DAWN LIGHT. AND NOW...

A RESCUE BOAT IN THE FLOOD!

THEY SEE US!

AND LATER, AT A POLICE STATION OF A NEARBY VILLAGE...

SO YOU WERE MAROONED ON CARTER ISLAND ALL LAST NIGHT! THAT PLACE HAD A NASTY TRAGEDY

WE HEARD ABOUT IT!

ABOUT A YEAR AGO! OLD MAN CARTER WENT INSANE, MURDERED HIS NIECE AND HER HUSBAND, AN' THEN COMMITTED SUICIDE!

YOUNGER BROTHER OF THE OLD MAN--ALAN CARTER--FLEW FROM LONDON FOR THE FUNERAL! EZRA WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE A GOLD HOARD! RIGHTFULLY BELONGS TO ALAN, NOW!--BUT WE CAN'T FIND IT!

YOU MIGHT TRY DIGGING UP THE CELLAR FLOOR, CHIEF!

WE DID! WE SEARCHED EVERYWHERE!

IT'S THERE, SOMEWHERE!

THEY SAY WEIRD THINGS GO ON THERE AT NIGHT--STORMY NIGHTS ESPECIALLY-- LIKE LAST NIGHT! YOU SAID YOU THINK YOU HEARD SOME OF THAT GHOST STUFF, EH?

WE SURE DID, CHIEF! WE SURE DID!



EZRA CARTER'S HOARDED TREASURE HAS NEVER BEEN FOUND! THE DESERTED OLD HOUSE HAS BEEN SEARCHED MANY TIMES-- BUT ONLY BY DAYLIGHT! IT'S NO PLACE FOR THE LIVING AT NIGHT-- INTERFERING WITH THE UNFINISHED BUSINESS OF THE DEAD!

GREEN GROWS the GRASS



ENVY AND HATE GREW IN HIS HEART, AND WHEN THEY BLOSSOMED INTO MURDER, A DYING MAN'S REVENGE PLANTED A SEED WHICH FLOWERED INTO GRISLY DEATH...

FELIX HALT GREW BITTER WHENEVER HE COMPARED HIS OWN LOT WITH THAT OF HIS FAMOUS EMPLOYER...

HMMFF! AND NOT A WORD ABOUT HOW I HELPED HIM! I'M JUST AS CLEVER... AND ONE OF THESE DAYS I'LL PROVE IT!



SCIENCE REPORT
LOUIS SARBO WINS
FROBEL PRIZE
FOR RESEARCH IN-
TO PLANT LIFE.

JUST THEN...

HALT! COME DOWN TO THE HOthouse AT ONCE! I'VE MADE ANOTHER MOMENTOUS DISCOVERY!

MORE BRAGGING! I HATE THE SOUND OF HIS VOICE!

HOthouse



SARBO'S HOTHOUSE WAS SPECIALLY BUILT... ITS TINY GLASS WINDOWS CLEVERLY INTERLACED WITH MESH STEEL TO KEEP OUT PROWLERS.



LOOK, HALT! I'VE PERFECTED A SEED CAPABLE OF GROWING ANYWHERE!

YOU... YOU MEAN IN ANY KIND OF SOIL?



YES! IN FACT IT DOESN'T EVEN NEED SOIL! IT'LL TAKE ROOT IN ANYTHING! WITH THIS SEED, MILLIONS OF ARID ACRES WILL BE TRANSFORMED TO LUSH GRAZING LAND!



AT THAT MOMENT, AN EVIL PLAN WAS BORN IN HALT'S MIND.



I COULD BUY UP DESERT LAND FOR A SONG, AND INCREASE ITS VALUE A THOUSANDFOLD IF I OWNED THE SEED! HMMM...

I'LL BE RIGHT BACK, DR. SARBO!



A LITTLE LATER... I'LL LOCK THE DOOR... THEN SET THE THERMOSTAT FOR 200 DEGREES! IT WILL LOOK AS IF THE MECHANISM WENT WRONG IF I RESET IT AFTER HE'S DEAD!



SOON... THIS HEAT.. IT... IT'S SUFFOCATING ME! THE THERMOSTAT... MUST BE BROKEN... HELP! HELP! HELP!



A FEW MORE MINUTES, AND IT WILL BE OVER. THEN I'LL TAKE THE SEED AND TELL THE POLICE ABOUT THE GHASTLY... HEH-HEH... ACCIDENT!



THROUGH THE WINDOW, SARBO CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF HIS KILLER...

YOU FIEND! IT'S LIKE AN OVEN IN HERE! LET ME OUT!

THEY'LL TAKE YOU OUT OF THERE--WHEN YOU'RE DONE--AND NOT BEFORE!



AS SARBO FLAILED HELPLESS FISTS AGAINST THE REINFORCED GLASS, HIS LAST TORTURED THOUGHTS WERE OF REVENGE!

THAT OLD SHOTGUN! I'LL GIVE HIM WHAT HE WANTS!



HALT WAITED TILL HE WAS SURE SARBO WAS DEAD, AND THEN...

THE HEAT... INSUFFERABLE! MUST GET THE SEED... LOOK THE DOOR AGAIN... SO IT LOOKS LIKE AN ACCIDENT!

MOMENTS LATER...



OWWWW!

THAT'S STRANGE...JUST A STINGING SENSATION ALL OVER MY BODY... AS IF HE FIRED TINY GRANULES OF SAND AT ME!



I... I DON'T UNDERSTAND! WH-WHAT DID HE DO WITH IT? I... I'LL HAVE TO COME BACK LATER... HEAT... TOO INTENSE!



WHEN HALT REACHED THE TOP OF THE STAIRS...



ANYTHING WRONG? I HEARD A SHOT!

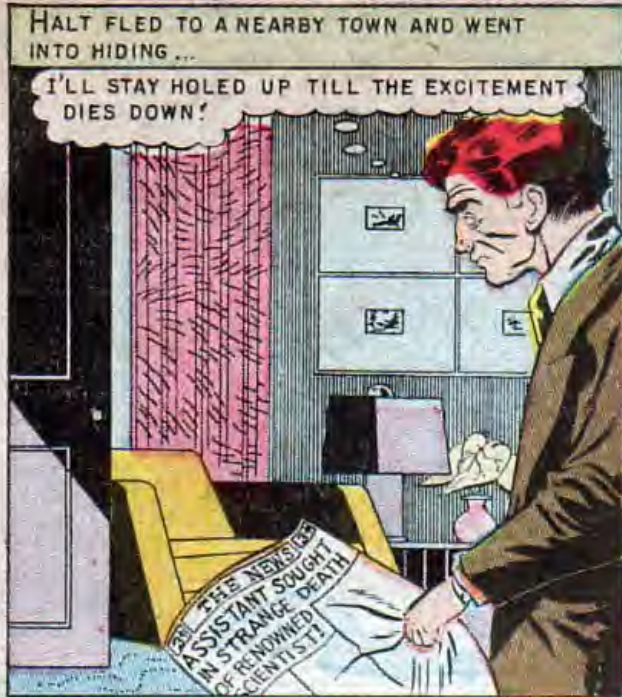
HAVE TO GET OUT FAST... WITHOUT THE SEED. THEY'LL NEVER BELIEVE IT WAS AN ACCIDENT, NOW!

STAY OUT! I... I'M GOING... TO CALL THE POLICE!



HALT FLED TO A NEARBY TOWN AND WENT INTO HIDING...

I'LL STAY HOLED UP TILL THE EXCITEMENT DIES DOWN!



THEN I'LL GO BACK AND FIND THAT SEED. NO ONE ELSE KNOWS ITS VALUE!



A FEW NIGHTS LATER, HALT DISCOVERED THE ANSWER TO THE QUESTION THAT PERPLEXED HIM!

STRANGE SENSATION... LIKE TINY INSECTS, CRAWLING ALL OVER MY SKIN...



GREEN HAIR! ALL OVER MY BODY! WH-WHAT IS IT?



FRANTICALLY, HALT TRIED TO PLUCK EACH BLADE FROM HIS SKIN, BUT...

IT... IT'S DEEP IN THE TISSUE... TOO PAINFUL TO REMOVE.



EVEN AS HE WATCHED, HIS MIND REELING WITH TERROR...

IT... IT'S GROWING! WHAT-- WHAT CAN I DO?



SUDDENLY, HALT REALIZED THE TRUTH!

THE MISSING SEED... THE SHOT-GUN SARBO FIRED AT ME! HE... HE... SAID IT COULD GROW ANYWHERE... AND NOW... IT... IT'S IN MY FLESH... TAKING ROOT... GROWING!



LIKE GORNERED RATS, HALT'S THOUGHTS SCURRED FROM THE TERRIBLE DOOM HE FACED...

BUT EVEN AS HE WATCHED, THE TERRIBLE GREEN GROWTH FLOWERED FROM THE PORES OF HIS FLESH...

IT'S GROWING BACK... FASTER THAN BEFORE...



HALT SOUGHT REFUGE IN SLEEP, BUT WHEN HE AWOKE...



THE ROOTS...THEY...THEY'RE GROWING INTO THE BED! MUST GET UP...BEFORE THEY PIN ME HERE FOREVER!



HALT NEVER STIRRED FROM THAT ROOM UNTIL...

YOU, IN THERE...ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

THE LANDLORD! HAVE TO GET OUT...OR HE'LL GROW SUSPICIOUS AND CALL THE POLICE...

YES! I...I...WAS SICK. I'LL PAY THE RENT... TOMORROW.



THAT EVENING, HALT FLED FOR THE WOODS...

GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT... WHAT IS THAT?

IT-- IT LOOKS HUMAN... AND YET...HELP! POLICE!



NO ONE WILL FIND ME HERE! I...I
BLEND PERFECTLY WITH THE FOLIAGE!



FOR TWO DAYS HE ROAMED THE WOODS WITHOUT SLEEP,
AND THEN UTTERLY EXHAUSTED...

MUST REST... JUST... FOR A FEW... MINUTES!



HALT SLEPT FOR A FULL DAY, AND WHEN HE AWOKE...

THE ROOTS! THEY... THEY'VE GROWN DEEP INTO THE EARTH! I... I CAN'T MOVE!



HOURS PASSED, AND HALT HELPLESSLY WHITHED
AGAINST THE BONDS THAT MADE HIM ONE WITH
THE EARTH...



AND THEN, ALL WAS STILL EXCEPT FOR AN
OCCASIONAL WHIMPER OF AGONY DEEP BENEATH
THE GRASS!



THREE MEN SET OUT TO FIND A SECRET OF THE BEYOND THAT WOULD MAKE THEM RICH! INSTEAD THEY FOUND TERROR AND DEATH, WHEN OUT OF THE SHADOWS CAME THE SLITHERING MONSTROSITY THAT FOREVER DOOMED THEM IN THE

CASTLE of TERROR!



DAYS OF PLANNING FOLLOWED, SUCCEEDED BY WEEKS OF TRAVELLING INTO THE AFRICAN JUNGLE WHERE NO MAN HAD EVER GONE.

WE'RE ON A WILD GOOSE-CHASE! TURN BACK OR WE'LL ALL DIE!

NO! THE EMANATIONS ARE STRONGER NOW! WE'RE NEAR THE REGION!

LOOK! GREAT SCOTT!

YOU DIDN'T BELIEVE ME! BUT IT'S THERE--IN FRONT OF OUR EYES!

ON THE PEAK OF A NARROW WINDING ROAD WAS A GIGANTIC CASTLE OF IMPOSING SOMBERNESS...

CAREFUL! I DON'T KNOW WHY, BUT I HAVE A STRANGE FEELING OF DANGER!

I SAW A FACE PEERING AT US FROM ONE OF THE WINDOWS!

KNOCK ON THAT GATE, GEORGE! QUICKLY, MAN!

Y-YES! BUT TRASK IS RIGHT! I--I DON'T LIKE THIS PLACE!

THE KNOCKING REVERBERATED INTO THE CASTLE GROUNDS, FOLLOWED BY SILENCE... THEN, SLOWLY--THE GATES SWUNG OPEN...

YES? WHAT IS IT YOU WISH?

OPEN UP, MAN! LET US IN! WE WANT LODGINGS!

AH--FORGIVE ME--BUT I AM NOT USED TO--COMPANY! WELCOME TO MORD CASTLE!

BRRR...THIS IS THE MOST AMAZING
THING I'VE SEEN! WHY--THE
TEMPERATURE IS ACTUALLY
COLD IN HERE!

MY MASTER
LIKES HEAT--
BUT SINCE HE IS
AWAY, I HAVE COOLED
THE CASTLE! NOW
FOLLOW ME!



THE MYSTERIOUS OLD MAN LED THEM THROUGH
A SECTION OF THE CASTLE EVEN MORE WEIRD
THAN THE HALL...

MY MASTER SHALL BE PLEASED TO SEE YOU
AFTERWARDS-- AS INDEED I AM MYSELF! IT
HAS BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE WE ARE
HONORED BY SUCH GUESTS
AS YOU! HA, HA...

I WONDER WHAT
HE MEANS BY
THAT?



AND AFTER THEY HAD BEEN SHOWN TO THEIR
QUARTERS...

DID YOU NOTICE THE CASTLE WALLS-- AND THE
OBJECTS INSIDE THOSE ROOMS? THEY'RE
OLD--THE ENTIRE BUILDING
REEKS WITH AGE AND DECAY!

BUT THAT
PROVES NOTHING!
YOUR IDEA IS ABSO-
LUTELY IMPOSSIBLE!



THE
EMANATIONS
COME FROM
WITHIN THIS
CASTLE!
SOMEWHERE
HERE IS THE
SECRET
WE SEEK!

PERHAPS IT IS BEST THAT WE
EXAMINE
THIS PLACE
OURSELVES,
AFTER
OUR HOST
IS ASLEEP!



PROTECTED BY THE DARKNESS,
THREE FIGURES SLIPPED
SILENTLY THROUGH THE HALLS...

I TELL YOU, THAT OLD MAN IS
NOT HUMAN! THERE IS SOME-
THING STRANGELY REPULSIVE
ABOUT HIM...

THESE STEPS
LEAD TO SOME
SORT OF CRYPT!



WHY IS HE
HERE? WHAT
IS THIS CASTLE
IN THE MIDDLE
OF NOWHERE?

WE'LL FIND
THAT OUT
BEFORE LONG--
LOOK--WE'RE
ENTERING A
CHAMBER!



NOTHING HERE--BUT
A FEW IDOLS AND A
DOOR! WE CAN'T
HAVE BEEN WRONG!

I'M
GOING
TO OPEN
IT! GET
SET!



THE KNOB WAS ICE-GOLD TO THE TOUCH... YET SMOOTH AND WORN, AS IF IT HAD BEEN OPENED MANY TIMES BEFORE...



GOLD! DIAMONDS! RUBIES! WE'RE RICH!



HA, HA... THERE ARE MILLIONS HERE!

IT'S NOT OURS, FOOL! SHH! DON'T MAKE SO MUCH NOISE! WE'RE NOT HERE FOR TREASURE! WAIT... A HOT DRAFT IS COMING FROM ANOTHER DOOR INSIDE THIS ROOM!



W-WHAT WAS THAT? IT CAME FROM THIS INNER DOOR! LOOK! THE DOOR-KNOB'S TURNING!



SUDDENLY--A TERRIBLE FEAR POSSESSED EVERYONE THERE!

YAAAAAH!! LET ME OUT OF HERE...!

GOOD LORD! A TENTACLE-- AND-- AND FLAMES! WHAT IS BEHIND THERE?



YOU CAN FIND OUT IF YOU WANT TO! I'M GETTING OUT!!

WAIT FOR ME! DON'T LEAVE ME ALONE HERE!



IS THERE ANYTHING I CAN DO TO HELP? YOU SEEM-- AAH-- DISTURBED!

WHAT DO YOU HIDE DOWN THERE? SPEAK UP, OLD GOAT! WHAT IS IT?



MY MASTER.... COLLECTS ALL SORTS OF SPECIMENS IN THE JUNGLE-- AND OUT OF IT! IT WAS A BEAST THAT MUST HAVE GOTTEN OUT OF ITS CAGE. I'LL PUT HIM BACK! NOW, ADIEU--UNTIL TOMORROW!

HE DIDN'T MENTION THE TREASURE... GOOD! HE HASN'T FOUND US OUT!

AND LATER, WHEN THEY WERE ALONE...

INSIDE THE SECOND DOOR IS WHAT WE SEEK! THAT OLD MAN SERVES DEATH, I TELL YOU!

NONSENSE! WE'RE GETTING TIRED OF YOUR CRAZY NOTION.

MOMENTS AFTERWARDS...

LET US CELEBRATE OUR SUCCESS, GEORGE! COME AWAY FROM HIM! HE CAN'T HURT YOU ANYMORE!

NO, HE CAN'T! NOW WE'LL BOTH HAVE WEALTH BEYOND OUR DREAMS!

THERE'S A FORTUNE DOWN THERE, AND HE STILL SREAMS ABOUT STUPID THEORIES! I HAVE A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH HIM!

I--I'LL GIVE THE TREASURE TO YOU! BUT DON'T KILL ME! OH-HH!

GIVE IT TO ME? I'LL TAKE IT! WE WENT ALONG WITH YOU BECAUSE YOU PAID US WELL!

BUT NOW WE HAVE SOMETHING BETTER!

WASN'T IT KIND OF THE OLD MAN TO SUPPLY US WITH WINE? NO ONE MUST STOP US FROM TAKING THAT GOLD!

HA, HA... WHAT A FOOL! WHAT AN INSANE IDIOT!

AAAAARRGH! M-MY THROAT! Y-YOU'VE POISONED ME! ARRHH!

YES, GEORGE! YOU WERE JUST AS MUCH A FOOL AS ZARKO. NOW THE TREASURE IS MINE! HA, HA!

QUICKLY, VINCENT TRASK HURRIED DOWN THE STEPS AND OPENED THE DOOR. THE GOLD WAS STILL THERE...



THE TENTACLES COILED ABOUT HIS NECK, SHUTTING OFF HIS BREATHING, TIGHTER AND TIGHTER THEY PULLED HIM HIM TOWARDS *HORROR!*



YOU MUST FORGIVE THE IMPATIENCE OF CERBERUS! YOU SEE, CREATURES FROM THE BEYOND CANNOT STAY LONG IN THIS GOLD!



I AM DEATH! AND YOU HAVE FORFEITED YOUR SOUL THROUGH YOUR GREED -- AS YOUR COMPANIONS HAVE FORFEITED THEIRS THROUGH STUPIDITY AND WEAKNESS!

THEN ZARKO WAS RIGHT! B--BUT YOU LIED TO US! YOU SAID YOU HAD A MASTER!

I HAVE! YOU UNKNOWN-INGLY DISCOVERED THE TREASURE WITH WHICH HE TEMPTS MORTALS SUCH AS YOUR-SELF! HE HAS JUST RETURNED! MEET MY MASTER--THE-



HA, HA, HA... WELCOME! WE HAVE BEEN WAIT-ING FOR YOU!



PETER WORLEY'S MUSEUM OF HORRORS DREW BIG CROWDS! THE BUSINESS HE HAD SEIZED BY THEFT AND MURDER WAS MAKING HIM RICH! BUT THE STRANGE FORCES BEYOND THE GRAVE CAUGHT UP WITH PETER WORLEY AT LAST—THAT WEIRD AND TERRIBLE NIGHT WHEN HE ENCOUNTERED THE GRUESOME...

PHANTOM of the WAXWORKS!



PETER WORLEY'S WAXWORKS DREW BIG CROWDS...



THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS, DOWN IN THE BASEMENT, ESPECIALLY THRILLED AND CHILLED THE CUSTOMERS...



THE LIFE-SIZE SCENES OF WAX DUMMIES WERE GRUESOMELY REALISTIC!



THEN, ONE DAY...



AND AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS



THEY ALL AGREED ON WHAT THEY HAD SEEN. THEY WERE GAZING AT THE WAX DUMMY OF JACK THE RIPPER, WHEN, SUDDENLY...



IN THE WILD PANIC TO ESCAPE
SEVERAL PEOPLE HAD BEEN
INJURED...

IT'S ALIVE!

HELP!
HELP!



BUT WHEN THE POLICE
ARRIVED...

SEEMS PRETTY
LIFE-LIKE, BUT
IT'S ONLY A
DUMMY... IT
COULDN'T
MOVE!

SURE! BUT
THE PEOPLE
WERE YEL-
LING THAT
IT DID
MOVE AND CAME
AT THEM
WITH A
KNIFE!



JACK THE
RIPPER

THEY ALL
COULDN'T HAVE
IMAGINED IT,
COULD THEY?

PROBABLY WAS
SOME THEATRICAL
TRICK! A
DUMMY MECHAN-
ICALLY FIXED SO
THAT IT COULD
MOVE! BRING
WORLEY DOWN
HERE, I WANT
TO TALK TO
HIM!



AND WHEN THEY BROUGHT PETER
MORLEY INTO HEADQUARTERS...

SEE HERE, MORLEY,
IF THAT'S YOUR IDEA
OF A PUBLICITY STUNT,
QUIT IT! LAY OFF
THAT TRICK STUFF!
UNDERSTAND?

I--I DIDN'T
DO ANY-
THING! I--I
D-DON'T
UNDERSTAND!



IF ANYTHING ELSE
LIKE THAT HAPPENS
IN YOUR MUSEUM
WE'LL CLOSE IT
UP! GET ME?

Y-YES,
SIR!



ACTUALLY,
PETER
MORLEY
KNEW NO
MORE ABOUT
IT THAN
ANYONE
ELSE!
WORLEY
HAD LIVING
QUARTERS
IN THE
MUSEUM,
AND THAT
NIGHT,
AS HE
PONDERED
HIS
TROUBLES...

COULD FRANK
ALLEN HAVE DONE
IT?... NO... NO!
I'M THINKING
SUCH CRAZY
THINGS! FRANK
ALLEN'S DEAD!



ANYONE WITH MURDER ON HIS SOUL WILL HAVE WILD THOUGHTS. WORLEY WAS REMEMBERING THAT TIME, A FEW YEARS AGO, WHEN FRANK ALLEN OWNED THE MUSEUM! THE WAXEN SCENES HAD ALL BEEN ALLEN'S CREATIONS!

THIS ONE OF JACK THE RIPPER WILL BE A BIG DRAWING CARD, PETER, YOU'LL SEE!

YEAH! SURE WILL!

BUT IT WON'T BE YOU WHO MAKES THE MONEY OUT OF THIS PLACE!

ALLEN HAD EMPLOYED WORLEY AS HIS ASSISTANT! WORLEY WAS CLEVER; HE HAD WORKED OUT HIS MURDEROUS SCHEME TO THE LAST DETAIL...

ALLEN HAS NO RELATIVES WHO'D QUESTION THIS FORGED CONTRACT! WHEN HE'S DEAD, THE MUSEUM WILL BE MINE!

AND THEN, ONE NIGHT...

THIS BLUEBEARD SCENE WILL BE ANOTHER GOOD ONE!
IT'S SWELL!
NOW'S MY CHANCE!

THEN, SUDDENLY...

WHA--? YEAAA!

CRACK!

CRACKED HIS SKULL! THEY'LL FIGURE IT AN ACCIDENT, OF COURSE! HA, HA! IT WAS AN ACCIDENT--ALMOST!

AND NOW, ALONE IN HIS LIVING ROOM WITH HIS MEMORIES, THE GUILTY PETER WORLEY PACED THE FLOOR RESTLESSLY...

WHY AM I THINKING SUCH CRAZY THINGS? ALLEN CAN'T HURT ME! HE'S DEAD AND BURIED YEARS AGO! WHA--? SOMEONE'S AT THE DOOR!

NOK!
NOK!

THEN TERROR LEAPED AT PETER WORLEY AS HE OPENED THE DOOR.

HELLO, PETER...
NICE TO SEE YOU
AGAIN!

ALLEN! NO!
NO! IT CAN'T BE!
YOU'RE DEAD!
...DEAD AN' BURIED!
I SAW THEM BURY
YOU!



DEAD?...AH, BUT THEN
WHO WOULD KNOW THAT
BETTER THAN YOU...MIND
IF I COME IN?...THERE
IS SOMETHING I WANT
TO STRAIGHTEN OUT
WITH YOU, PETER!

NO...
NO! KEEP
AWAY FROM
ME!



I HAD TO COME BACK...
I DIDN'T WANT YOU TO
THINK YOU COULD COMMIT
MURDER AND GET AWAY
WITH IT, PETER! I
COULDN'T REST UNTIL
I FIXED THAT!

YOU'LL
NEVER
GET ME...
NEVER!



THE TERRIFIED WORLEY FLED INTO
THE MUSEUM...

RUN, PETER, RUN!
HA, HA, HA! YOU
CAN'T ESCAPE ME,
PETER! HA, HA!

HELP!
HELP!



HA, HA, HA!
HA, HA, HA!

YEAHH!



SUDDENLY, ALLEN WAS UPON HIM, AND IN THE
DIM ROOM OF THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS, WITH
THE WAXEN SCENES OF MURDERS OF THE PAST...

HA, HA,
HA, HA!

NO! NO!
YEAHH!





MAKES A NICE
MURDER SCENE,
DOESN'T IT,
PETER? HA,
HA, HA!

AAIEEEEE!



THE NEIGHBORS HEARD
WORLEY'S EERIE
SCREAMS, AND...

IT'S FROM THE MUSEUM!
...SOMEBODY'S BEING
MURDERED! PHONE
THE POLICE!

AAIEEEEE!!

THE MUSEUM WAS DARK AND SILENT WHEN
THE POLICE ARRIVED...



WATCH YOURSELVES!
--KILLER MAY STILL
BE IN HERE!

EVERYTHING WAS DARK...BROOD-
ING SILENCE! AND THEN,
DOWN IN THE CHAMBER OF
HORRORS...

AWED, THEY STOOD BEFORE
A SILENT, WAXEN SCENE! MUTE
AND GRISLY TABLEAU...



SARGE!
LOOK
OVER
THERE!

WHA--?!

UGH! SAY, THAT
FELLOW BEING
STRANGLER
LOOKS LIKE
WORLEY,
DOESN'T IT?

WEIRD!
WHY WOULD
WORLEY BUILD
A WAX-
DUMMY SCENE
LIKE THAT?
LET'S FIND
WORLEY-- HE
MAY KNOW
WHAT HAP-
PENED!



PETER WORLEY WAS NEVER
FOUND! THERE WAS ONLY
THIS NEW SCENE OF A
KILLING, PRESERVED IN WAX,
TO MAKE PEOPLE SHUDDER!



THE
END